On My Hands and Knees

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On My Hands and Knees

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Summary

After centuries of life on his own, vampire Hannibal begins to entertain the idea of creating a fledgling.

Will gritted his teeth, grinding them against another, as he fought. After what felt like an eternity, his hand breached the ground, touching cold, humid air. His fingers scrambled against the grass, gripping at the blades to pull himself out.

He summoned strength he barely had to force himself out of his tomb, throwing himself into the moonlight. Will's hands clawed at his eyes, brushing off crusted dirt.

He looked up, with new-born eyes, and saw the devil.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Hannibal considered himself not only a connoisseur of art, but a collector. It was not enough for him to see beautiful, compelling art. No, Hannibal needed to *own* them, needed to keep them in his home, just for him.

He'd long wondered if this was precipitated by his Turning or if it was an innate part of himself. He'd seen other vampires who loved to collect, but he'd seen just as many who lived as vagabonds.

The vampire strolled through the long hallway, brushing dust off his pieces. He stared at Caravaggio's *Nativity with St. Francis and St. Lawrence*. It was a gorgeous piece, one of Hannibal's favorite recent acquisitions. The faces were delicate, the play between light and shadows were gorgeous.

Yet, it was dull to Hannibal's eyes.

At first, he'd feared it was damaged, that the varnish was rotting. But, when he'd gathered the tools to restore the painting, the vampire found it to be perfect.

Hannibal's varnish brush hit the floor, his fingers turning to butter. His other hand tightened around the painting's frame.

He was *bored* of Caravaggio.

He was bored of Picasso, Van Gough, Pergolesi, and Dante. In eight hundred years Hannibal had never been *bored* before.

Hannibal felt nearly ill with the revelation. He tore through contemporary art catalogs, trying to find a new piece that would thrill him again. Yet, nothing scratched the itch, nothing satisfied him. Instead, when Hannibal tried to picture the new paintings in his collection, instead of enjoying them alone, he imagined himself showing them off to *someone*.

Hannibal clenched his jaw. He wasn't just bored, he was something far worse.

He was lonely.

Hannibal wasn't just a collector of objects, but of knowledge as well. His mind palace contained near-endless sprawling libraries of memorized information that had been lost for centuries. Yet, Hannibal was still bored.

He'd taken up lecturing at Universities, trading bits of what he knew to interact with the modern world. He'd developed a fondness for the FBI's Quantico, guest lecturing for decades. Every time someone began to ask questions about his age, he'd fake his death and

add another number to the end of his name. Currently, he was Hannibal Lecter the eighth. He was the eighth generation of Hannibal Lecters who had guest lectured at Quantico.

Hannibal was giving a late-night, guest lecture about crime scene, blood spatter analysis, one of his favorite topics, when he saw *Him*, the most beautiful treasure Hannibal had ever seen. He was enraptured, all the boredom he'd suffered leaching from his body.

He was Ganymede made into flesh. Saliva gathered around Hannibal's fangs as the boy entered the lecture hall. He was pretty, yet masculine, likely in his late thirties. He must have been a fellow professor who came to sit in on the lecture.

Yet, Hannibal wasn't truly enraptured until their eyes met.

Hannibal's sweet Hyanthacyth did a double-take when he saw Hannibal. Mortals never looked twice at Hannibal unless he wanted to. One, unusual quirk of being a very old vampire, was that Hannibal had gotten large. He'd kept growing through the decades until he was over seven feet tall and inhumanly broad.

It would have been hard to blend in if Hannibal didn't have a wide range of psychic abilities. Hannibal simply used a form of ambient mind control to force everyone to see him as a regular man of regular height. Yet, Hannibal's boy craned his neck as he walked in, his eyes glancing across Hannibal's true face, not where his human, projected one was. No one, in Hannibal's long life, had ever ignored his powers so casually. It entranced Hannibal, enthralled him. This man was something new, something interesting.

Muscles that had calcified over thousands of years grew loose, his eternal hunger that had once been sated roared again. Hannibal's mouth snapped closed as the last of his students had filed in. He stood there, frozen like a fool, his vocal cords constricted, until a student in the front row coughed.

Hannibal spurred back to life, the words of his lecture spilling from his lips, automatically. The vampire turned the class into a theater, and kept his eyes glued to his boy, searching for what caused him to look interested.

What else could I teach you, dear boy, Hannibal wondered.

Hannibal had never made a fledgling before, when most vampires his age had hundreds. He'd always assumed it to be a waste of time. Most vampires kept fledglings as easy, undead sex toys then threw them out once they got bored. Then the insolent young ones would wander the world, being an irritant for everyone else.

Hannibal's own sire had raised him well after giving him the gift of eternal life, but left him thoroughly disinterested in keeping his own fledglings.

But now, Hannibal couldn't imagine wanting anything more than he wanted the man before him. To raise him, teach him, and share the eternal night with him.

As the lecture closed, the meaningless person-flies flittered out of the lecture hall. Hannibal watched his boy pack up his belongings and wait. They were both uninterested in the flesh-

bags that surrounded them. The world has been kind to Hannibal and his boy, bringing together the only two interesting beings in the universe.

Hannibal strode through the masses, people parting around him like the Red Sea.

He loomed over the boy, yet was ignored. The head of curly, brown hair stayed down, married to the table top.

His boys smelled of stale sweat and subtle anxieties. Hannibal imagined stripping him and tasting that sweet-salty sweat. He would pour water over the stretches of pale skin, coating him with pleasant soaps and wrapping him in warm towels.

The boy tried to rush past Hannibal, head still down, when Hannibal' hands flew up and locked on the boy's arm, his grip like steel. The boy glanced up and jerked back, yet Hannibal did not release him.

"May I request your name?" Hannibal asked, pouring honey into his words.

"No," the boy said, eyes narrow, "you may not."

"My name is Hannibal Lecter."

"I'm aware. You said it at the start of the lecture."

"I wanted to discuss criminal psychology with you. You appeared interested in the topic."

Ganymede scanned Hannibal's face, as if he was searching for something. Hannibal, in turn, peered into the youth's mind.

No matter how hot he is, he's still a therapist, meaning he can't be trusted. He just wants me for my mind. the boy told himself, his sweet tone running through Hannibal's head like a cassette tape.

How cute, Hannibal thought, that his angel would assume that Hannibal would be satisfied with *only* his mind.

The skin below the boy's eyes tightened, *But, I just can't get a read on him. He wants something from me, but it's not that simple.*

Hannibal felt like a shark that had smelled blood, it was time to wrap his claws around soft flesh, "I was wondering if you would like to get a drink while we discuss."

Oh, the boy thought, as his cheeks heated, *that's what he wants.*

"I, actually, would really like that," the boy replied.

Hannibal moved his hands to the sprawling, soft skin between the boy's shoulder blades. He felt muscles relax under his touch, the line of the boy's body slanting towards the vampire, like a cat that was desperate for love. Hannibal guided the shorter man away from the busy college and down the street, reaching through his mental rolodex to find the perfect bar.

Hannibal led his newest prize to a hole-in-the-wall bar. It was expensive enough that none of the menus would have prices, but it wasn't so fancy that Hannibal's boy would be intimidated.

The vampire sat his boy down at the bar, and ordered two, top-shelf whiskies, after he peered into the other's mind to see what he would like.

The boy's mouth closed, face warm, clearly enjoying how Hannibal took charge.

The vampire made conversation with the man, savoring his intellect and quick wit. While they talked, Hannibal ordered multiple more drinks for the boy, while he didn't touch his own.

After his third drink, the boy realized the game being played, "Are you trying to get me drunk?"

Hannibal smiled, "Yes."

The boy's eyebrows knitted together while his dick twitched, "Are you going to take advantage of me?"

"Do you want to be taken advantage of?" Hannibal asked, like a cat that got the cream, "Don't you like the idea of being a little too drunk, a little out of it. All gullible and sweet while a bigger, older man takes you?"

Ganymede shuttered and sipped from the glass. Hannibal placed a single finger at the bottom of the glass and tipped it upwards, "Finish this, and drink mine as well. You don't need to fear and you don't need to think, little one. Simply swallow and let go. I'll take care of you."

The bar's crowd had begun to grow over the night, turning a quiet hum of background noise into a roar. If Hannibal hadn't had his advanced hearing, he would have barely been able to hear his boy over the noise.

The back of Hannibal's skull itched. It bothered him that no matter how far he reached into the curly head next to him, he could not find the boy's name. As if it was being intentionally hidden from him.

"I never did get your name," Hannibal said.

Hannibal's living painting giggled and pitched forward on his stool, obviously drunk, "You don't need that for tonight. You can call me whatever you like." The youth pressed his lips to Hannibal's.

Hannibal felt as if blood was pumping through his veins, lighting up each one under the thin skin of his lips. The boy was warm and soft, his mouth made of silk.

Yet, somehow, Hannibal pulled back from the maw of temptation, “What if you allow me to guess?”

“Sure,” the boy said, sipping his drink.

“Jonathan?”

“No.”

“Louis?”

“Nope.”

“Helen?”

“Where did that come from?”

Hannibal reached out with a steady hand and brushed his Helen’s shaking head. The sharp tip of his nails caught against the boy’s jaw, savoring how it caught on day-old stubble. It was so sweet, how the boy clearly thought himself to be mature and grown. Other humans would see him as someone nearing middle age. Yet, Hannibal saw the truth, saw the boy as the fragile plant crawling out of concrete cracks. He was soft, swaddled in human-born innocence. Hannibal’s hands ached as he imagined tearing away that blinding cloth, showing the boy the truth of the world and displaying him at the vampire’s side.

“Because, I would launch thousands of ships to war in your honor. The gods would be jealous of your beauty.”

Red bloomed across his Ganymede’s face like ink in water, “You don't have to sweet-talk me. I'm already yours for the night.”

“What if I want you for more than a night?”

“How long would you want me?”

Hannibal used one hand to brush curls behind his boy’s ear, and used the other to grab his full glass of scotch. He pressed it to plush lips, his hand sliding back to grip the nape of the boy's neck. The vampire pulled the boy’s head back and poured expensive liquor into his new companion.

“Until time ends. Until we both turn to dust and the sun grows to consume the Earth.”

Hannibal's Adonis sputtered, almost choking on the liquor before pulling back. His lips shined and he smelled of arousal.

“Dear boy,” Hannibal released the other’s neck and began to stroke his hair, “finish your drinks, so we may head home.”

The brunette swallowed several hundred dollars worth of whiskey in two, long gulps. Hannibal followed the bulge in his Adam's apple, nearly missing the boy when he hopped off the stool. His Helen stumbled. Hannibal's reflexes jumped into action, catching the smaller man in his arms. The boy's hands, soft yet calloused, began to explore Hannibal's firm forearms.

Hannibal wrapped an arm around the boy's thin waist and began to guide him to the exit.

"Wait," the boy said, the left edge of his mouth curling into a devious grin, "I just don't know if I can wait until we get home."

Ganymede pointed to the bathroom.

Hannibal's hand clenched around a small hip. How could he ever say no to the angel in his arms?

The vampire steered two of them to the door. Their legs danced between one another, stumbling yet graceful, as if they were one conjoined being.

He shoved the door open and pushed the boy into an open stall, locking the door behind him.

As soon as the vampire turned around, the brunette fell to his knees. He pulled down Hannibal's pants, and began to lap at his underwear. His wet tongue shined under the artificial, buzzing light as it slathered spit onto the fabric.

The boy finally freed Hannibal's cock, just to swallow it down. His lips formed a tight seal on Hannibal's thick cock. He moved his head back and forth, the top of Hannibal's cock bumping the back of his throat. The boy's cheeks hollowed-out, Hannibal's copious amount of precum leaked from the corners of his lips.

The boy pulled back, touching his mouth with his fingers and staring at them.

"Is this blood?" he said, looking at the pale red tinted precum.

In any other sexual encounter, Hannibal would have used his powers to make it so his partner wouldn't notice that all his bodily fluids were blood. Yet, as he tried the trick with his boy, it had no effect. Instead, he just kept staring at his precum covered fingers, seemingly immune to the vampire's powers.

"It's a medical condition. I'm clean," Hanibal said.

Hannibal's boy glanced up at him, then seductively licked his fingers.

Hannibal growled at the whorish display, grabbing a handful of curls and pulling the boy up. He ground against the front of the boy's jeans, covering them with blood. As his hips bucked, the shorter man threw his arms around the vampire. Hannibal's hand snuck down the back of his Helen's pants to spread his flushed ass cheeks and brush his fingers across the boy's gaping hole.

"Need you," The boy panted, "just take me."

Hannibal’s teeth glinted under the artificial light “Gladly.”

Fangs sunk in a swan-like neck, clamping down on the youth’s muscles. The boy seized, then released, every inch of him going lax. His eyes rolled to the back of his head, his mouth fell open. His blood was intoxicating to the vampire, sticky-sweet and nuanced, like the richest, heated, mulled wine Hannibal had ever tasted.

His boys shuttered and came, a loud gurgling coming from his throat. Hannibal sucked, more veins bursting and yielding their sweet nectar. As the boy slumped into Hannibal’s arms, the vampire ejaculated, coating the front of the boy’s jeans.

The vampire reached down and clenched his cock. He milked out the last few drops of blood-cum onto his fingers. Then, he pressed those fingers into the boy’s mouth and down his throat.

Hannibal shoved his hands in the boy’s pants to grab his wallet. He slid out the boy’s ID and scanned it.

Wilbur Elizabeth Graham, it read.

Wilbur Elizabeth Graham died in a dirty, stained bathroom at 1 a.m. in the morning.

Wilbur Elizabeth *Lecter’s* life began in the same bathroom.

Will awoke to a dry mouth and an earth-ending, pounding headache. He felt as though he'd been skinned and stuffed with cotton. He tried to recall the night before, but was left with a memory of an attractive man and a blur of activity.

Will attempted to peel open his eyes, only to find that he couldn't. It was as if they’d been locked closed under a thick layer of sleep.

He moved his hand up to rub his face, but couldn't. His limbs were pinned to his side, leaving Will feeling as if he was under a pile of weighted blankets.

Will thrashed, his muscles weekly firing, fear overriding his mind. His mouth flew open and filled with clay-packed dirt. Panic coated the back of his throat, yet, Will’s body didn’t respond to the terror. His heart stayed still, his chest didn’t heave.

While he flailed, Will noticed that whatever made up his prison was crumbling around him. He paused, then began to wiggle back and forth, feeling the solid dirt around him turn to crumbles.

Will gritted his teeth, grinding them against another, as he fought. After what felt like an eternity, his hand breached the ground, touching cold, humid air. His fingers scrambled against the grass, gripping at the blades to pull himself out.

He summoned strength he barely had to force himself out of his tomb, throwing himself into the moonlight. Will's hands clawed at his eyes, brushing off crusted dirt.

He looked up, with new-born eyes, and saw the devil.

He was made of stone, his clothes perfect and the lower half of his face coated in blood. A sharp burst of hunger collided with Will with such force it nearly knocked him over.

He tried to lunge at the beast, but his legs buckled, sending him tumbling to the ground. He collided with the ground, mashing his teeth into his lower lip, cutting it.

The devil smirked and petted the back of Will's head with his wingtip oxfords.

"I do quite enjoy seeing you under me, but you must be hungry after rising," the beast said. He reached down, and pulled Will up by the nape of his neck. The devil pulled open Will's mouth and wedged one of his thumbs between Will's molars. Will hissed as he tried to bite down, but was unable.

"Hush, little Ganymede, if you drink too much you'll be sick," the man said.

The demon placed them face to face, nose slotted against nose. Will's tongue lolled out of his mouth, lapping at the blood. It was delicious, overwhelmingly so.

"You'll never need to fear again, Sweet Helen. I'll always sate you."

Will's tongue explored the devil's face, drinking up sweet blood. He felt the rough bits of stubble under as he explored. His tongue danced across the demon's jaw and across the bridge of his nose. Will had gone completely boneless within the man's hold, as he drank up the red sustenance.

When the last of the blood had been licked away, the devil pulled back and noticed the laceration on Will's lip. He bit his thumb, causing rubies to blossom on his finger pad. Will trashed, trying to get to it.

The devil cooed, and spread the blood across Will's lower lip. The flesh knitted itself together almost immediately.

"Now," the devil said, "my dear, Wilbur, let's get you to your new home."

The brunette hissed, spiteful and violent, "It's Will, not Wilbur."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fluorescent lights burned into Hannibal's skin. He'd long since outgrown his allergy to sunlight, but the cheap, buzzing bulbs still seemed to irritate him. His eyes glanced between several irritatingly colored objects, attempting to ascertain what would serve his machinations better. He held an offensively red hand basket that was full to the brim.

His nose wrinkled as he detected the familiar daisy-and-lilac smell that identified Alana Bloom. He called out her name moments before she turned the corner, "Miss Bloom."

"Hannibal," she called out, "You really have to tell me how you do that!"

"A man must keep some of his secrets."

She half-jogged half-walked over, eagerly peering into Hannibal's hand basket. She was one of Hannibal's favorite pupils, eager to learn but not overly inquisitive, quick to praise him but not a complete brown-noser.

"How have you been?" Alana asked.

"I have been simply fantastic. I've found a new purpose in life. How are you?"

Alana's feet shuffled, "I've been okay, but.."

"But?"

"A friend of mine recently went missing a few days ago. I'm sure that he's fine, he's always been a bit isolated, but it hasn't stopped me from worrying," Alana shook her head, "But there's nothing to be done."

She reached into the basket and picked up a nauseatingly colored, squeaky toy in the shape of a hot dog.

"Are you getting a puppy?" Alana asked.

"In some sense, yes."

Alana gave him a quizzical look before Hannibal continued, "Do you have any dogs? I find myself struggling with what to buy."

"Actually, I just got a new dog! I've named her Applesauce. I know all the best treats." Alana quickly moved to the pet isles, Hannibal right behind her, grabbing various things and explaining what was best for puppy teeth and what would keep them entertained for hours. At the end of the trip, Hannibal's basket was overflowing with supplies.

“I hope it wasn't too much,” Alana said.

“Not at all,” Hannibal replied, “I find myself thoroughly obsessed with my new pet, and I've been overwhelmed by the desire to see the thing thoroughly spoiled.”

Alana smiled, thinking of fluffy little dogs, “We should arrange a play date sometimes, Applesauce needs socialization.”

Hannibal grinned as well, “I think that would be a very good idea.”

Will had been covered in dog fur when Hannibal had stripped, so the vampire imagined his pet would enjoy meeting Alana’s dog.

Will’s existence consisted of fifty, pitch-black square-feet. He knew, deep in his mind, that there was a world outside these dark walls, but his hindbrain rebelled. All he knew was the room, its unyielding walls and large, sprawling bed.

Chains tethered Will to the bed, one limb to each bed post. His muscles screamed as he fought the bindings. No matter how he thrashed, the chains held sturdy.

Then there was the Devil. The beast that had destroyed Will. His life was dashed against the rocks, alienated from everything he could think of. The creature was a moving shadow, one that wore the face of a handsome man like an ill-fitting suit. The Devil would loom over Will, watching in silence, petting him like an animal. He would say nothing, icy silent. His soft yet calloused palm would coat every inch of Will’s skin.

Will was so hungry his stomach felt like his gut was a black hole. Hunger had become his constant companion.

He lost his sense of time after the devil’s third visit. Hours melted into days, melted into an unknowable slurry. His stomach was terrifyingly empty, the thin skin over his withered mid-section prepared to crumble inward like a collapsed cave.

The door creaked as it opened, Will’s improved hearing making sound deadening. Dim light spilled into the room, framing the tall, imposing figure staring him down.

Will’s muscles shook, coursing with newly grown strength.

The devil stepped inside the room and unlocked Will’s bindings. He placed a hand on Will’s chest and another on his wrist, stretching out the muscles in his arm. The devil would flex Will’s body, keeping his muscles from atrophying.

The younger vampire waited until the demon removed his hands for a moment. Then he rocketed up, firing muscles that burned and ached. His claws ripped at the demon, before throwing himself out of the room.

He tumbled into the hallway, launching himself with all four limbs, like an animal. The devil turned, watching him. An angry, screeching hiss ripped out of Will’s throat. He crawled

backwards on all four, slipping backwards into a patch of sunlight.

Will's skin *burned*, boiling water coating his skin. He could feel his old nerves burning away, new ones born in their place.

The Devil sighed, "I supposed it is time to teach you about your new form, pet."

He strode towards Will and lifted the cowering man by scruff of his neck, like an unruly kitten.

Much like an unruly kitten, Will hissed at him, baring his sharp fangs. He clutched at his burnt arm, pulling it to his chest.

"Yes, yes," the demon chastised, "You are very upset, but I will not tolerate this behavior anymore. You are civilized and will act as such."

The Devil reached into his suit pocket and pulled out a black, corded dog collar with a plastic attachment clipped to its inside. He reached around Will's neck and buckled it, pressing the plastic to the skin above Will's spine.

Will immediately felt his muscles go lax, a dim, pleasant buzzing tumbled down his spine. He tried to snarl at the beast that held him, but could barely move his eyes, rolling them up just enough to glare daggers at the Devil's chin.

Hannibal held the hissing, squirming bundle and gently coaxed his seared limb away from his small, quaking chest. Displeasure coated the inside of his mouth as he looked at the violently red patches of skin.

"As a trade off for your new, immortal form, you have some weaknesses. Most noticeably, and extreme sensitivity to vitamin D, especially when in the form of sunlight. High amounts will chemically burn you, while a low, diffused amount, at the right pressure points, will cause you to lose control of your body," the older vampire slashed his wrist with a single fang. He then rubbed the trickle of blood over the other's wounds. With satisfaction, he watched the burns bleed away, like ink in water.

His little fledgling was proving to be much more difficult to tame than Hannibal assumed. Previously, he'd always considered vampires who bemoaned the difficulties of sire-hood as weak, but the scrambling ball of limbs he currently held was forcing him to reconsider.

Nonetheless, a deep sense of fulfillment washed over Hannibal when he stared at his Will. He was enthralled. Will occupied all his thoughts, all his days.

He walked through his house, careful to keep Will out of the sun, "As you come into your powers and build your strength, you will find that the sun has less and less of an effect on you. When I walk through the light, my skin barely tingles."

Hannibal halted in front of a large window, sunbeams streaming through it. He grabbed his Gaynemed's wrist and thrust it into the light. The skin burned and crackled, bubbling and

popping as if it was boiling. His sweet Will hissed, jaw snapping automatically as the liquified vitamin D forced him to be lax.

The older vampire couldn't help his mouth from curling up into a grin. He moved Will back into the shade, allowing the still-dripping wound on his thumb to heal his boy. Tears welled up in the corners of his Helen's eyes, pouring out.

Hannibal pulled the boy closer to him, holding him to his larger chest. He cooed, rocking the vampire in his arms, "Hush, dear one. You may suffer, but you will not come to harm, I swear it. I act only to shape you into what is necessary."

"B-bastard," the boy forced past his numb lips.

Hannibal pressed his mouth to Will's limp face, licking up the tears, "So rude, so independent."

The older vampire brought his fledgling into the kitchen and draped him across the cold, metal counter. He pet Will's bare chest, twirling one of his sharp nails around the sparse hair near one of his nipples. "Such a pretty treat," he remarked.

"Tragically, you are not the meal tonight, dear Will," Hannibal said, talking to himself more than to the prone man. He pulled out a bag of blood from his fridge and slid a corner of the plastic bag into Will's mouth. His sharp fangs pierced the plastic and filled his mouth with the sweet, salty, life giving liquid.

The thin, marked, column of Will's throat spasmed as blood poured down it. It gargled, bubbling out from the corner of his lips, when Will couldn't drink it down fast enough.

Will drank until the bag ran dry, until the Devil pulled it from his fangs. He felt like an overfilled cup, blood going just past the lip, held together only with the help of surface tension.

The devil cooed, stroking Will. His body felt led-heavy, his gut weighing him down. The numbness coming from the collar melded with the syrupy tiredness came together to leave Will completely incapacitated.

The taller man wrapped Will's limbs around his waist and neck, cradling Will's face into his neck. Will garbled a low panting hiss. He was burning with rage, and yet, felt as though he was content, so full, he could barely string his anger together though his foggy mind.

He felt as though he was floating as the devil lifted him again. Will was carried to a shady library, filled with soft light radiating from a fireplace. Hundreds of earth-toned books filled sleek wooden shelves; cold hardwood floors were covered by a large bearskin rug with fur that seemed to turn orange-red in the light.

Will's world tilted as he was deposited on the fluffy rug. The vampire loomed above him, gripping at his ankles and positioning Will. His legs were spread; strong, forceful hands ran

up his thighs, leaving goosebumps in their wake. Will's tired lungs seized as the devil's knuckle brushed his balls. Yet, the touch remained clinical, moving across his body, arranging his limp form.

The devil ruffled Will's curls, then corrected the way they laid with two clawed fingers. He stood up to his full height, opened a drawer, and pulled out a sketchbook and a small, wooden box. He elegantly sat down on a chaise lounge, spider-like legs crossing to prop up the sketchpad. The devil plucked a black stick of charcoal from the box and began to draw.

Will glared at him, yet found himself unable to stay angry. The heat of the flames prickled against his skin, leaving his mind feeling like melting butter. He hated the man sitting above him, yet, his eyes drooped closed.

Hannibal's fingers were coated in charcoal, black powder building up below his fingernails as he finished his illustration of his Ganymede being scooped up by an eagle. He'd done several charcoal drawings of his beloved pet from memory, yet they didn't compare to what he could create with real life reference.

His lamb had fallen asleep on the bearskin rug, his stomach full of blood, his head empty of thoughts, and his dick hard. Hannibal had a vision of grabbing the boy, ripping him out of Morpheous' arms. His throat was sticky with jealousy just considering whatever salacious dream occupied Will's mind.

Hannibal felt the charcoal splitter in his grip as Will's cock twitched. He set the pad of paper down with more force then expected and stepped toward Will. The click of his oxford shoe on the hardwood caused his boy's eyebrows to wrinkle, eyelids twitching, then slowly peeling open. His eyes were foggy with sleep, comprehension slipping through his fingers.

"Good morning, little one," Hannibal murmured, his front two fingers caressing Will's nude hip.

Will's back seized, eyes hardening, as Hannibal's fingers wove through his pet's coarse pubes. His nails scraped at the base of Will's cock, a singular bead of precum rolling down its length.

"You must be rather pent up after all that time. Do you even know how long it's been since I savored you in that bar bathroom?"

Will hissed at him, spittle flying from between limp lips.

"If you do not wish for me to touch you, I won't," a pointedly cruel smile caused the corner of Hannibal's mouth to pitch upwards, "I would never do something without your full consent."

A whine slipped from Will's throat, his hips bucking up, trying to follow Hannibal's fleeting touch.

The vampire grabbed Will's cock, slipping his thumb over the flushed head. "So pretty," he murmured.

Hannibal grabbed Will's hips and flipped him, planting him face down in the carpet, his lax knees supporting him.

"Being a vampire will give you a bounty of many fruits," Hannibal said as he pulled his dick out from the fly of his pants.

Hannibal gripped Will's cheeks, squeezing with the intent to bruise. He lined up the bulbous head of his uncut cock with Will's tightly closed hole. "Accelerated healing, as you've noticed. Your abilities get even stronger when you've come in contact with your sire's blood."

Hannibal's hips moved, forcing his cock in, dry. Will cried out in pain, bloody tears coating his eyes. The older vampire thrust in and out, in small, shallow movements, fucking Will open. It was a mockery of stretching, done with the intent to cause more pain, not lessen it.

He could feel his pet's asshole rip, little, fire-pain tears. Blood seeped around Hannibal's cock, the only lubrication he'd allow.

Will cried out, a wordless string of sounds as Hannibal pushed all the way inside.

He pulled out a few, scant inches, then pushed back in, savoring the tight grip of Will's body. His cock was being squeezed by a vice made of velvet, just rough enough for pleasant friction.

Hannibal's pet squirmed below him, both trying to get away and to fuck himself on Hannibal's dick, as if he couldn't decide what he wanted.

"H-Hannibal please," Will's hoarse throat forced out, muffed by the fluffy rug. Hannibal barely heard it, even with his superior hearing.

Hannibal pulled out and flipped Will onto his back, the tip of his cock just touching Will's hole, "What was that, beloved?"

"Please.."

"Please what?" Hannibal asked, wrapping a hand around Will's throat. He could feel the trembles of Will's throat as it contracted and tried to force out words. His beloved whined, clenching his eyes closed and shaking his head.

"Use your words," Hannibal instructed, brushing sweaty hair out of Will's face.

"Please, let me cum."

Hannibal grinned and slammed his hips into Will, his dick so deep that it left a bump in Will's mid-section. He bent Will in half, grabbing his ankles and pressing them above Will's ears.

He pistoned in and out of Will, paying attention to hit Will's prostate with every stroke. Hannibal bit his Ganymede's neck, and felt him tighten, his already vice-like hole griping harder.

Will came with a high-pitched whine, blood-cum splattering his folded midsection. It dripped down his stomach, pooling in his clavicle and in the dip of his throat, perfectly placed for Hannibal to lap it up.

Consciousness abandoned his boy, causing Will's eyes to fall closed and his body to slump forward into the rug. Hannibal pulled out, staring at Will's gaping, winking asshole, leaking blood. He leaned forward and licked across the muscular hole, savoring the texture and salty-musky taste.

Hannibal grabbed his cock and stroked it, the head lined up with Will's asshole. He came, spilling blood-cum into his boy's destroyed hole. He squeezed his length, forcing out the last few drops from his urethra. The older vampire bit at Will's spine as Will's insides knit themselves back together.

He let his pet slump into the puddle of blood and cum that had accumulated on the rug so he could wipe himself off and put away his spent cock.

Hannibal scooped up his Will and laid him on the chaise lounge, placing his head on Hannibal's thigh.

They remind in place, Hannibal stroking Will's curls until he awoke. Will growled, mouthing at Hannibal's clothed thigh. He bit down, his fangs drawing blood.

Hannibal huffed, "I suppose I should allow you some semblance of revenge. But fear not, sweet pet, I'll begin your proper, intense training tomorrow"

Alana sat in her car, checking her hair for the third time in the small, car-visor mirror. Hannibal had invited her to dinner after they reconnected through Jack Crawford. He'd been just as charming, handsome, and utterly European as she remembered. She straightened her pearl necklace and grinned to herself, thinking about the tall lines of Hannibal's suit. He was an aging, stunning bachelor, and she was an attractive younger woman he'd invited for dinner. Alana stuffed another condom into her handbag, and went inside the townhouse.

Hannibal met her at the door, hanging up her coat and guiding her through the cavernous house.

When they rounded the corner to the dining room, Alana nearly dropped her purse.

Sitting at the head of the table, in a form-fitting, pitch black suit, was Will Graham. He looked like a statue, perfectly crafted from marble.

"Will-," Alana stuttered, thinking of her friend who disappeared almost a decade ago, "How are you– What happened?"

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Will said, tone blank.

Alana squinted at him, her memory knitting itself together in new ways. She remembered Will in college, they always studied together. She remembered being mentored by Doctor Lecter with Will, and she remembered how they had slowly drifted apart through the months. She remembered the shock and concern when she’d heard of Will and Hannibal’s relationship. She remembered how Will and Hannibal seemed to complete each other, healthy and supportive in a way she’d never seen. She couldn’t stay angry at them, not when they were the perfect couple. Will hadn’t gone missing, he’d just moved away.

Her mouth closed with a click as a new reality cemented itself in her mind. Everything made sense. She was there for dinner with her friends, Will and Hannibal Lecter.

Alana shook her head, looking up, “I’m sorry, I don’t know what came over me. Will, you look fantastic. It’s as if you haven’t aged a day.”

Chapter End Notes

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End Notes

happy LATE bday seb!!! ch2 is in progress rn. ur one of my best friends and i love talking about shit w you!

title of fic is from damn these vampires by the mountain goats bc i think i am SO funny

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